'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonders: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue Prerogatiue,
And when in musicke we haue spent an houre
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.
Hor. Sirra, I will beare these braues of thine.
Bianc. Why Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife heere sit we downe,
Take you the instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument,
Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic*
steterat Priami regia Celsa sen
Bian. Conster them.
Luc. Hic Ibat, as I told y
hic est, sonne vnto *Vincentio*
thus to get your loue, *hic stet*
a wooing *Priami*, is my ma
celsa senis that we might begu
Hort. Madam my instrume
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie th
Luc. Spit in the hole man,
Bian. Now let mee see if I c
you not, *hic est sigeria tellus*,
take heede he heare vs not, *r*
paire not.
Hort. Madam, 'tis now in t
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis
Luc. How fierie and forwa
Now for my life the knaue doth
Pedascule, Ile watch you bet
In time I may believe yet I mi
Bian. Mistrust it not, for sur
Was *Aiax* cald so from his gra
Hort. I must beleeue my m
I should be arguing still vpon th
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you
Good master take it not vnkind
That I haue beene thus pleasan
Hort. You may go walke, a
My Lessons make no musicke
Luc. Are you so formall sir,
And watch withall, for but I b
Our fine Musition groweth am
Hor. Madam, before you tou
To learne the order of m finger
I must begin with rudiments o
To teach you gamouth in a brief
More pleasant, pithy and effect

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